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gifted lady to the genius of her husband, and in the object of making his compositions popular, to which she seems to dedicate her talents and her life. The Ladies' Choruses, under Stockhausen's direction, went well, and were an agreeable termination to a very interesting concert.

The second evening we went to the Stadt Theater. The ladies had to listen to a German *lustspiel* called "*Kurzsichtig*," somewhat tiresome to them, but they were rewarded for their patience by hearing a capital version of Offenbach's *Fritzchen und Lieschen*, admirably performed by Fraulein Weinberger and Fraulein Fischer, respectively. Miss Fischer, what a charming little actress you are! There's no one, not even in Paris, who could sing and act the coy Alsacienne half as well as you do. The performances were over by ten o'clock, and then we had to push our way through a crowd of theatre-goers, who were smoking their pipes and discussing the comedy and operetta in the vestibule of the Stadt Theater, a very different state of affairs to that we had hitherto met with in our experiences of Continental theatres.

The Zoological Gardens, made, I think, a greater impression on my *compagnes de voyage* than any other sight they saw in Hamburg—always excepting the cemeteries. The Gardens are excellent in their way—the best I should say in Europe. The collection is finer than that in the Regent's Park, and better kept. The animals are provided with dens and cages constructed according to their particular habits. The polar bear, for instance, instead of being pent up in prison where he has no alternative between a cold bath or a bed, as in the Regent's Park, has large rocks on which to wander about, and very picturesque he looks in such an appropriate home. The eagles have an aviary some hundred feet high; and for the owls, the counterfeited ruins of an old castle have been put up, every nook and cranny of which forms a natural cage for the ominous inhabitants of ivied walls, whose splendid eyes glare at you at every turn you take when surveying the ruins aforesaid.

The aquarium is a great feature in the Gardens, and better stocked than any I ever saw. The monster crabs and gigantic lobsters there to be seen stalking about and clawing their neighbors are things well worth watching for a short time.

The serpents, it would appear, are allowed more liberty than is perhaps quite consistent with the safety of visitors, for I found one on the gravel path, and called the attention of one of the keepers to its movements. The man very quietly took it up and gave it the skirt of his coat to bite, into which the reptile darted its fangs and then seemed harmless, for the keeper handled it as though it were nothing more than a coil of rope. Had one of the lions escaped, as did the serpent, it would, I fancy, have handled the keeper's coat after another fashion.

From Hamburg to Hanover, and on the road a visit from the custom-house officers at Harburg. Why will ladies carry about bits of silk, on which they know, or at any rate ought to know, there is a duty to pay? And (a still more important question) why will they, when they are requested to say whether there is "*ried à déclarer*," invariably reply, "*nong, rieng*," knowing all the while the bits of silk are sure to be found if the boxes be opened? On my word, it's very difficult to say. Had one of our party been less ob-

stinate in such matters, we should not have had that scene at Harburg; there would have been no tears shed over the bit of tartan silk; and I should not have had to apologize to the unfortunate *douanier* for all the harsh things that were said to him in an unknown tongue when he was simply doing his duty. But, as the two thalers were paid and the silk restored to the lady's box, it is perhaps as well not to say anything more on this distressing subject.

WALTER MAYNARD.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## MUSIC OF NATURE.

### "THE BANSHÉE WAIL."

The Rev. Charles Bunworth was rector of Buttevant in the county of Cork, about the middle of the last century. He was a man of unaffected piety and of sound learning, pure in heart and benevolent in intention. By the rich he was respected, and by the poor beloved. He was the friend and benefactor of the surrounding country. To him, from the neighboring town of Newmarket, came John Philpot, Curran and Barny Yelverton for advice, previous to their entrance at Dublin College. Young, indigent and inexperienced, these afterwards eminent men received from him, in addition to the advice they sought, pecuniary aid; and the brilliant career which was theirs justified the discrimination of the giver. What, however, extended the fame of Mr. Bunworth, far beyond the limits of the parishes adjacent, was his performance on the Irish harp and his hospitality and kind reception of the poor harpers who travelled from house to house about the country. Grateful to their patron, those itinerant musicians sang his praise, to the tinkling accompaniment of their harps, invoking in return for his bounty, abundant blessings on his white head, and celebrating in their rude verses, the blooming charms of his two daughters, Elizabeth and Mary. It was all these poor fellows could do; but who can doubt that their gratitude was sincere when, at the time of Mr. Bunworth's death, no less than fifteen harps were deposited on the loft of his granary, bequeathed to him by the last members of a race which has now ceased to exist. Trifling, no doubt, in intrinsic value were these relics, yet there is something in gifts of the heart that merits preservation, and it is to be regretted that, when he died, these harps were broken up, one after the other, and used as firewood by an ignorant follower of the family, who, on their removal to Cork for a temporary change of scene, was left in charge of the house.

The circumstances attending the death of Mr. Bunworth may be doubted by some, but there were, twenty years back, many credible witnesses who declared their authenticity, and who could have been produced to attest most, if not all, of the following particulars:

About a week previous to his dissolution, and early in the evening, a noise was heard at the hall door resembling the shearing of sheep, but, at the time, no particular attention was paid to it. It was nearly eleven o'clock the same night when Kavanagh, the herdsman, returned from Mallow, whither he had been sent in the afternoon for some medicine, and was observed by Miss Bunworth, to whom he delivered the parcel, to be much agitated. At this time, it must be observed, her father was by no means considered in danger. "What is the matter, Kava-

nagh?" asked Miss Bunworth; but the poor fellow, with a bewildered look, only uttered, "The master, Miss—the master—he is going from us," and, overcome with real grief, he burst into a flood of tears. Miss Bunworth, who was a woman of strong nerve, enquired if anything he had learned in Mallow induced him to believe that her father was worse. "No, Miss," said Kavanagh, "it was not in Mallow—" "Kavanagh," said Miss Bunworth, "I fear you have been drinking, which, I must say, I did not expect at such a time as the present, when it was your duty to have kept yourself sober. But I will speak to you in the morning, when you are in a fitter state to understand what I say." Kavanagh looked up with a stupidity of aspect which did not serve to remove the impression of his being drunk, but his voice was not that of an intoxicated person. "Miss," said he, "as I hope to receive mercy hereafter, neither bit nor sup has passed my lips since I left this house; but the master—we will lose him, we will lose him!" and he wrung his hands together. "What is it you mean, Kavanagh?" asked Miss Bunworth. "Is it mean?" said Kavanagh. "The Banshee has come for him, Miss, and 'tis not I alone who have heard her." "'Tis an idle superstition," said Miss Bunworth. "May be so," replied Kavanagh, "but as I came through the glen of Ballybeg she was along with me keening and screeching, and clapping her hands by my side, every step of the way, with her long white hair falling about her shoulders; and I could hear her repeat the master's name every now and then, as plain as ever I heard it. When I came to the old abbey she parted from me and turned into the pigeon field next the *berrin* ground, and folding her cloak about her, down she sat under the tree that was struck by the lightning, and began keening so bitterly that it went through one's heart to hear it." "Kavanagh," said Miss Bunworth, who had listened to this remarkable relation, "my father is, I believe, better, and I hope will soon be up and able to convince you that all this is but your own fancy; nevertheless, I charge you not to mention what you have told me, for there is no occasion to frighten your fellow-servants with the story."

Mr. Bunworth gradually declined; but nothing particular occurred until the night previous to his death. That night both his daughters, exhausted with continued attendance and watching, were prevailed on to seek some repose, and an old lady, a friend of the family, remained by the bedside of their father. The old gentleman then lay in the parlor, where he had been in the morning removed at his own request, fancying the change would afford him relief; and the head of his bed was placed close to the window. In a room adjoining sat some male friends, and as usual, on like occasions in Ireland, in the kitchen many of the followers of the family had assembled. The night was serene and moonlight, the sick man slept, and nothing broke the stillness of the melancholy watch, when the little party in the room adjoining the parlor, the door of which stood open, was suddenly roused by a sound at the window near the bed. A rose tree grew outside the window, so close as to touch the glass. This was forced aside with some noise, and a low moaning was heard, accompanied by clapping of hands, as if of a female in deep affliction. It seemed as if the sound proceeded from a person holding her mouth close to the window. The lady who sat by

the side of Mr. Bunworth went into the adjoining room, and in the tone of alarm inquired of the gentlemen there if they had heard the Banshee. Sceptical of supernatural appearances, two of them rose hastily and went out to discover the cause of these sounds, which they also had distinctly heard. They walked all round the house, examining every spot of ground, particularly near the window from whence the voice had proceeded. The bed of earth beneath the rose tree had been recently dug, and the print of a footstep, if the tree had been forced aside by mortal hand, would have inevitably remained; but they could perceive no such impression, and an unbroken stillness reigned without. Hoping to dispel the mystery, they continued their search anxiously along the road, from the straightness of which, and the lightness of the night, they were enabled to see some distance around them; but all was silent and deserted, and they returned surprised and disappointed. How much more, then, were they astonished at learning that the whole time of their absence those who remained within the house had heard the moaning and clapping of hands even louder and more distinct than before they had gone out, and no sooner was the door of the room closed on them than they again heard the same mournful sounds! Every succeeding hour the sick man became worse, and as the first glimpse of the morning appeared, Mr. Bunworth expired.

[Written for WATSON'S ART JOURNAL.]

### LIGHT THROUGH DARKNESS.

With angry tread, swift pacing to and fro,  
His chains harsh clanking as he fiercely strides,  
Chafes in his narrow den  
The Law's Offender!  
Through the grim bars the moonrays silent gleam;  
The night breeze stilly floats,  
And bathes that sin-stain'd brow with heavenly air of freedom;  
His tameless eye tracks the white cloudlets in their fleecy course,  
And, envious, marks their boundless liberty:  
Oh, were he free as they!  
Could he but tread the earth as they in ether rove!  
Fir'd with the thought, his arm he vengeful lifts  
Against the unyielding bars, to rend  
A sudden path from thralldom!  
Vain his wild efforts! his chain, with iron tongue,  
Proclaims his bondage!  
Again and yet again, with passion strength,  
His desperate gripe assails the rigid bars!  
Firm in their granite bed they fixed remain,  
Scorning in giant strength his furious words!  
His bleeding hands, too weak to hew him out  
Into the world again!  
Worn with the conflict, on his pallet  
Sinks the vanquish'd wretch,  
And soon upon those haggard eyes  
Kind slumber sets her pitying seal.

Over the head of the sleeper wave the broad wings of the Dream Angel:  
Fond memories wake in his heart sweet visions of days that are flown.  
Once more on the brink of the stream with the friends of his boyhood he roves;  
Two friends, one hardy and bold, the other, meek, loving and gentle,

With hearts full of glee on they roam, the green lanes resounds with their laughter.  
Ah, happy and innocent Youthtime, what joy in man's life can excel thee!  
Majestic and slow down the sky to his couch in the West Sol descendeth,  
And the thick coming shadows of eve softly gather and vanquish the daylight.  
Night falls around, and at last, through the dusk wood returning,  
With arms intertwin'd, the three friends wander merrily home in the moonlight.  
At the gate of the farmhouse they linger, till with many a parting injunction  
They go, but he waits in the porch till their distant "Good nights" fade away,  
Then enters; the bright vivid glow from the red cheery flame of the wood-fire  
Falls full on his face, and his eyes meet the love-beaming glance of his mother.  
Like sunlight his frank, happy face illumines the hearts of the household;  
Soon couched at the knee of his sire, half recumbent on "Faithful," the watchdog,  
With boyish exuberant glee he tells of his day's great adventures!  
The father approvingly smiles, the fond mother chideth his daring!  
So they talk, and the solemn old clock ticks on in the corner unheeded!  
For in sweet, loving converse as this, who noteth the progress of Time!  
But small grow the billets of wood, and fitfully in the wide chimney,  
In shapes fantastic and weird, curls the smoke of the fast dying embers!  
"To rest," and with fondest affection the blessing parental's bestowed!

Through the diamond tendril lac'd panes the moon pours her soft rays of beauty;  
And caressingly play the pure beams o'er that placid and innocent brow.  
A woman fair, loving and tender, bends over the form of her first born,  
And sealed are the slumberer's eyes with the holy kiss of a mother!

Into the silent air go clanging forth  
The prison bell's loud tones!  
Full on his ear they strike, and with rude force  
Restore him to his chains!  
The night hath gone, and morn's fair light  
Is o'er the sky diffusive spread:  
So o'er his darkened life the vision sheds  
Its penetrating beam, and calls him back  
To that sweet time, ere sin had wooed  
And won him from his primal innocence!  
As from an eminence he views his sinful past,  
Marks where from Virtue's path he wander'd first,  
And tracks from faults to crimes his downward course.  
Again he hears, when "Forger" brands his name,  
His mother's anguished cry!  
Again he sees her piteous face  
When Justice—Crime's avenger—her stern hand uplifts  
And smites him from the roll of guiltless men!  
The old life battles with the new,  
His eyes are tamed with unaccustomed tears,  
Home memories rive in twain that harden'd soul,  
And Light doth triumph over Darkness!  
Prone to the earth he falls, and from his stricken heart—  
That ark of Crime—to Mercy's throne  
Ascends the Dove of Prayer!

With heart-wrung cries he prays, and unto Heaven  
Doth urge his soul's great agony!  
His voice in broken murmurs dies, his tears no longer flow,  
His hands relax their clasp, but still his pallid lips  
Do move as if in silent prayer for grace!  
The warder comes, yet the loud bolt's harsh rattle  
Wakes him not! They call his name,  
But unto mortal summons shall he answer nevermore!  
Frail human locks and bars, how poor your force  
To stay the quittance of the soul!  
He sleeps the last long sleep, and Death  
Hath gently freed him from his chains!  
Upon those rugged features rests a strange, soft smile,  
As if, ere yet his spirit fled from earth,  
That holy dove had borne unto his storm-tost soul  
A leaf of hope from yon far heavenly land!  
And the dead face yet shines as with the reflex fair  
Of that celestial visitant!

ARTHUR MATTHISON.

MALAGA.—Signora Spezia lately took her benefit, when the opera selected was *Il Barbiere*. The theatre had never been so crowded since the Queen of Spain attended a performance in it some years since. The *bénéficiaire* was overwhelmed with nosegays and verses, while doves were let loose to greet her. But the admiration of the public did not stop here. It took a more substantial form in the shape of presents. Among them may be mentioned a gold crown with flowers of emeralds and rubies; an ornament of brilliants and pearls; another of brilliants and Roman mosaics. The last was a tribute from the lady subscribers to the boxes. All these were offered to Signora Spezia on the stage by a Committee of subscribers, who carried them on a chased silver salver. Sig. Aldighieri was the Figaro. There is a report that Signora Spezia, Sig. Aldighieri, and other members of the Italian company, intend appearing in some of the most popular *Zarzuelas*, or comic operas, and that they will sing also *Il Barbiere di Siviglia* in Spanish.

MADRID.—*Lucrezia Borgia* has been succeeded at the Opera-house by Verdi's *Ballo in Maschera*, and Donizetti's *Maria di Rohan*. According to our contemporary, *El Artista*, Signore Penco, Sonnieri, Tati, Signori Tamberlik and Bonnehée were all good in the first. In the second, Signora Majo had some "happy moments" as Maria; Signora Tati was successful as Gondi; M. Naudin gave satisfaction as Count de Chalais; and M. Bonnehée made an admirable Duc de Chevreuse.—The fourth concert given by the Sociedad de Cuartetos, took place on the 12th inst., at the Conservatory, when the following works were played: Trio in C minor (Op. 9), Beethoven; Sonata in C minor (Op. 30), Beethoven; and Quartet in G (Op. 76), Haydn. The executants were Sres. Monasterio, Lestan, Castellano, Quelbenzu and Perez.

UTRECHT.—The programme of the first concert given by the "Collegium Musicum Ultrajectinum" comprised: Symphony, C major, Haydn; Air from *Orpheus*, Gluck; Violin Concerto, Mendelssohn; and Overture to *König Stephan*, Beethoven.